

Umbrella's Carlos

by Ivytika

Category: Resident Evil series

Language: English

Characters: A. Wesker, Alice, Angela A., Carlos O.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 00:39:32

Updated: 2016-04-20 02:53:33

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:54:56

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,535

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Carlos was captured by Umbrella instead of Jill. Jill and Angie are with the convoy.

1. Chapter 1

Jill and Angie are with the convoy. Carlos was captured after Alice left them and he went after her.

Carlos P.O.V

Watching from a security screen I see blue eyes as they snap open as if waking from a bad dream. Her faceâ€| Her face is so familiar yet so foreign. It's not perfection, but it's close. Umbrella calls her ALICE. From the camera angle it looks like it's raining but I know it's not. I know she's lying in a shower. The camera flashes to a different angle. She's naked. I take it backâ€| She is perfection. But I can't think that. She's an experiment. Nothing more. A traitor to Umbrella and the woman who tried to turn me against them.

Albert Wesker walks up next to me.

"How realistic she looks wouldn't you say Oliveira?" He asks with no emotion.

"I suppose." We watch as she finds the red dress on her bed and the note from Spence, the agent assigned to guarding the Hive with her. My job consists of making everything she encounters as close to the original as possible and I am a designated consultant for all things Alice related for Umbrella along with head of The Umbrella Biohazard Countermeasure Service, basically Umbrella relies on me to help end the reign of the undead. I take notes on how the Alice clones interact with their surroundings and make mental changes for the next batch of clones to test her agility and thought process to make her as Alice-like as possible. We watch as she enters a long corridor made entirely of glass. The walls, the floor, the ceiling, everything. Alice told me once that this is where the leader of the

commando team, "One", and other members of his team died. It's obvious that Alice knows something is wrong but she doesn't know what. How could she? She doesn't remember anything. Wesker leans towards the screen, enraptured by the Alice clone.

"I've got a good feeling about this one." He says to no one in particular. I have my doubts. So far very few of the clones have made it past the grid room. I don't see why this one should be any different.

The lights dim. She knows something is happening. She turns back towards the entrance, but the door is already closed. A horizontal beam of laser light travels down the corridor at high speed. It starts out like Alice told me the first beam started, at ankle level and then rises to the chest height. It's headed straight for Alice and I look away. I know what she is, what she's done, but a part of me can't watch her die. I never can.

"Incredible." I hear Wesker whisper. I look back to the screen. At the last moment, Alice leaps into the air. And stays there! She is hanging from an air vent in the ceiling, her legs pulled up above the level of the laser, the beam only just missing.

"She's never done that before." I say nodding to one of the men on the computers. "Time to kick it up a notch."

A second laser beam fires towards Alice. She jumps into the air again but this time the thin laser wire switches to a grid of fifty interlocking laser lines forming a deadly net. Alice told me this was why it was called the grid room. I wanted to look away. Wanted to miss seeing her sliced, but some part of me refused to do it. I watched holding my breath.

Alice swings her body upwards, kicking the air vent aside and disappears inside. At the last moment I think the laser grid will get her she pulls her head into the air duct above the corridor. It was a close call but it's already better than the others have done. I would release a sigh of relief like many others in the room did, including Wesker, but I knew what came next. I created the scene. I knew more about this set up than anyone else.

I knew she wouldn't survive.

Alice P.O.V

I was having a nightmare. Well no a nightmare might be putting it lightly. This dream was a combination of all things I've faced since the outbreak so it was all very familiar but it had to be a nightmare because it wasn't making any sense. One-minute I was standing in the mansion above the hive, then next I was in the grid room trying not to get sliced into a bunch of little pieces, and then suddenly I was in the Raccoon City Hospital. _"It's not real. It's not real. It's not real._ I kept thinking to myself. The dream me carefully stepped over the guillotine like blade that dropped from the ceiling when suddenly I heard a click and a mini machine gun was thrown up into the air in front me. As I lay dying on the floor three men in white biohazard suits walked up to me. "Take a sample of her blood!" Isaacs said removing his helmet. Isaacs. Yeah I probably should've killed him. "Then get rid of that." He said motioning to my body.

"Yes sir" some Umbrella agent said. My body was picked up and brought to a lift leading outside, I was walked over to a ditch and carelessly thrown inâ€|. onto a pile of hundreds of other ME's, all killed in horrible, bloody ways.

I awoke with a start. I'd had dreams like this for weeks now and frankly I hope they are just dreams, but, knowing how sick Umbrella is I know they aren't. Whatever they're trying to do obviously isn't working. All I know is that if it's Umbrella and has something to do with me then it can't be good.

As the light began shining over the sandy dunes I packed up my makeshift bed and supplies and climbed on my BMW K1200R. I had a portable radio that I picked up at a police station a few miles back and I've been answering as many S.O. S's as I could. More often than not, I showed up too late, but occasionally I do save people. Currently I was heading out to KLKB radio station in Salt Lake City where I hoped to save a group of seven from a horde of undead. No pressure.

Pulling up to KLKB I knew something was wrong immediately. How? There were no undead in sight. Not one. If I had shown up to late there'd still be a few stragglers. Climbing of my BMW K1200R I took out my guns and slowly walked through the front entrance

"_Bad. This is bad._" I thought to myself "_I should leave._" The further into the station I went the worse I felt about it. I could detect the weak strand of T-virus but couldn't see it when suddenly my flashlight hit the back of a woman.

"My baby. Please. Please help my baby" the woman said handing something cradled in blankets to me.

I took the baby and unwrapped it to find not a baby, but a baby doll. I dropped in to reach for my gun.

"_Too late_" I thought as I heard multiple clicks of guns being cocked "_Way too late_"

I was surrounded by a bunch of people with guns and the original woman gave a crude laugh

"You bitch," she said. "You dropped my baby."

The woman proceeded to mockingly repeat her S.O.S message while the group laughed. They disarmed me, I considered fighting back but I knew realistically I could kill two maybe even three before they killed me, and restrained me as one of the males brought his knife gently down my body, reaching my shorts. I fought the temptation to gag as he leaned into me

"What you got down there, fishy?" He asked

"I wouldn't do that." I said shaking her head at him

"Shut your mouth!" someone yelled. Obviously they didn't catch my warning.

"Relax!" another said

"Just show the bitch." Yet another said

I decided it was time to end this and delivered a quick kick to the mans' head, snapping his head back and breaking his neck.

"Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!" the woman said running over to him. "Jesus Christ! He's dead!"

I felt a sharp knock to my head before passing out. When I woke up I realized I was handcuffed in a hole surrounded by obvious human remains.

"There you go bitch," The woman called throwing the keys down to me. "I wouldn't want it to be over too fast" she cackled.

"Open the cage!"

"Let them loose."

"Get up now!"

I heard the distinctive barking of the undead Dobermans "Of course" I thought.

I'm not going to write this part because I assume most of you have seen the movie and honestly I'm not sure HOW to write it out.

2. Chapter 2

Memories

"Thoughts"

Everything else

Lots of Carlos, not a lot of Alice, lots of Angela

****Carlos P.O.V****

Memory

"Carlos" A voice called out. Alice. She walks up to me with a soft smile on her face. She's beautiful. The moonlight bounces off her, giving her an angelic appearance. It's almost comical actually. She's so beautiful, so delicate, and yet I know she could probably kill me with her pinky.

"Alice what are you doing up? You should be sleeping." I say quietly.

"surprisingly I'm not tired. Must have something to do with dying." She pauses "Jill told me how you planned my rescue and how you almost never slept before rescuing me so if anyone should be sleeping it's you" She says, nudging me._

"Someone has to keep watch." I say, smiling down at her_

"So let someone else do it. You need to rest"

"Sure. I bet the second I close my eyes Umbrella will rain hell down upon us."

"And when that happens I'll wake you up. Now go get some sleep. I'll take watch."

"Alright. Alright." I say, handing her my gun before walking to the crappy motel we're staying in.

"Carlos." Alice says quietly.

"Yeah?" I ask, turning towards her. She grabs the back of my neck and kisses me gently.

"Thank you" She says when we break apart.

"Anytime" I say smirking.

_End Memory _

_Well that was... I don't know what that was. They told me Alice was a traitor... No I know she's a traitor but I... I can't help feeling like something's... Wrong." _I think as a slowly wake up.

"...Oliveira report to Dr. Isaacs. Carlos Oliveira report to Dr. Isaacs. Carlos..."

" Yeah yeah I'm coming." I say climbing out of my bed and putting on my uniform. Another day of testing. Another day of killing her. Isaac's been working on some secret project and today I find out what it is. Whatever it is better be important. I lost half my security team assigned to that floor. Walking down the winding halls towards Isaacs lab I see Slater, second in command of the Umbrella Science Division, walking ahead of me.

"Slater!" I call out.

"Oliveira." He says turning towards me.

"Any idea what Isaacs 'Project' is?" I ask, walking beside him.

"That's what I was about to ask you. You're head of security, shouldn't you know?" He asks, smirking at me. "Perhaps Umbrella chose the wrong man for the job. Should I tell Wesker that you're to incompetent to do your job properly?"

"You're second in command of the science division, shouldn't you know? Or maybe Isaacs knows not to trust you?" I ask, returning his smirk. Man I hate that guy

At this point we reach the lab doors.

"Ladies first." I say, holding the door open for him.

"Child." he says bumping into me as he passes. God I really hate that guy.

"You've made 10 trips to the surface in the last 24 hours. All unauthorized." Slater calls out, marching towards Isaacs. "Any trip to the surface, especially to gather specimens, puts my men at risk."

I cough. He ignores me.

"Why do you need so many all of a sudden?" he asks. Ah finally getting to the point.

Isaacs smiles at us. That's creepy. He pushes a button and a glass box that had frosted windows cleared and revealed multiple living dead. One attempts to smash the glass with a chair.

"Isaacs!" Slater screams, jumping back. I quickly grab my gun from its holster.

"My research has intensified." Isaacs says staring at the dead with an almost loving look. This dude is sick. He looks at us with a small smile on his face "Don't worry. They're perfectly secure."

"You're supposed to be domesticating them." Slater stays.

"Sometimes aggression has its uses." Isaacs says shrugging.

I notice multiple small screens on and step closer. They're showing one of the clones. The camera zooms into her face. That Face. Suddenly there's a sharp pain in my head. I gasp and grab it before collapsing on the floor. Neither Isaacs nor Slater notice me. My head feels like it's being split open as memories flood in. Jill. Angie. L.J.. ALICE. Everything Umbrella's done. Creating the virus. Covering the outbreak. Testing on Alice. Capturing me. All of it. Just as suddenly as the pain started, it ended. I look at the screens. She's made it past the Grid and is now in the 'hospital'. I look over to Isaacs and Slater, still arguing. I look over to the living dead. They're wearing uniforms, on a small label sewn in identifies them as "Crimson Heads". "Sometimes aggression has its uses." Isaacs words echo in my head. Oh. Of course. What else. I know what he's using them for. I stand up slowly, hoping not to draw attention to myself as I exit the lab. Once I'm out the door I sprint in the direction of the testing floor.

"Move! Get out of my way! Move it!" I yell, shoving people to the side. I vaguely hear Isaacs and Slater calling me. Finally I make it to the testing floor and I run to where I last saw Alice. Turning the corner I see one of the "Crimson Heads" strangling Alice before she falls to the floor.

"Hey ugly! Over here!" I call, running towards it. He looks at me and starts to walk towards me. I shoot him multiple times in the chest before delivering the fatal shot to the head.

"Carlos..." Alice says faintly, reaching out to me before taking her last breath.

"Alice." I say, kneeling down beside her.

"Restrain him." Isaacs says, walking down the hallway towards me. "Take him to Dr. Gibson and tell her to wait for my orders."

"Yes sir."

Alice's P.O.V.

I wake with a jolt and swing my gun around, looking for anything moving. Unfortunately the only thing moving is my bike as it falls to the ground, smashing to pieces.

"Ugh." I say, falling back onto my makeshift bed. "Carlos." I whisper, staring up at the sky. Another weird dream...or Vision... or whatever the hell that was. I was so close to getting out this time. I could feel it. I want to know what the hell that thing was that killed me. Why was Carlos there? And if he was there where is everyone else? When I left, I left to protect them. I left knowing that Jill and Carlos would take care of Angie and L.J. until the day they die. I hope to god that they're all still alive. Sometimes I think I can feel Angie. Infected... but infected in a different way. She must be so grown up now... 15 years old? So much time has passed since I've seen her. Then there's Jill. Ex S.T.A.R.S. member Jill. Stubborn, hard-headed, Jill. The type of woman that won't give up on you, even if there's no hope. The thought of never seeing my friend again was more difficult than I could've ever imagined. In such a short time we really got to know each other. Then there's L.J... Surprisingly I miss his bad and badly timed jokes. His lack of filter. He surprised me too. And last but not least... Carlos. Ex Umbrella agent and mercenary and one of the best people I've ever known Carlos. The man who's prepared to give up his life to save yours. I remember the first time we met at the school. With my enhanced reflexes I was ready to shoot him the second he opened the door, just as he was ready to shoot me. He was good, almost as good as me and that's saying something. I can't even begin to describe the relief I felt that Angie had the Antivirus. I hardly even knew him and I still wasn't prepared to lose him. Yet it seems I have lost him. Umbrella has him once again.

Angela P.O.V.

"I still don't get it. The world ends, everyone you know dies, and instead of collecting, oh I don't know, food or weapons, you decide to collect makeup?" I say smiling at K-mart who's fixing her smudged eyeliner in her compact mirror.

"Just because the world ends doesn't mean I should stop caring about how I look Ange." She says, snapping her compact closed.

"Sometimes I'm surprised you're still alive K." I say laughing.

"Ditto virus girl." She laughs.

"Hey Angie! Time for another injection!" Jill calls out walking towards us with my old lunch box Daddy gave me. After Raccoon City Jill became like my mother, always watching out for me. Alice became like my sister, until she left us. Carlos became a second father to me... god I miss him. L.J... Well L.J. is just L.J.

"Coming! Later K" I say, walking to Jill.

"See ya Ange." she says

As I walk towards Jill I feel something... I'm not sure what. It's kind of like there's electricity in the air... like before a big storm. I stop and it's like time stops. Then suddenly I feel drained like someone took all my energy. I collapse.

"Angie? Angela?" I hear Jill's voice coming closer to me. "Angie?! Angel what's wrong? What's happened to you?!" Angel is Jill's nickname for me.

"Didn't you feel it?" I ask even though I know I'm the only one who did.

"Feel what?" Jill asks, hugging me closer to her.

"The power... Jill it's Alice..." I say before everything goes black.

...

Later

I slowly wake up. My body aches and my head hurts.

"...And she definitely said it was Alice?" I hear L.J. ask

"Yeah. I think she's close to us." Jill replies.

"Why do you say that?" A new voice asks. It takes me a moment to place the voice as Claire Redfield, our convoy leader.

"Alice and Angela have always had this weird bond. Something to do with them both being infected. They can sense each other somehow." Jill says

"Has anything like this happened before?" I hear K-mart ask

"No but I think something's changed. I don't know what but I hope it doesn't happen again." Jill says. I can hear the worry in her voice.

"It wont" I say, sitting up.

"Hey Angel. How you feeling?" Jill asks softly.

"You really scared us there girl" L.J. says smiling.

"I'm alright. A little sore. And I've got a headache. but other than that I'm fine." I say, grabbing the glass of water beside my bed.

"How do you know it wont happen again?" Claire asks

"I don't" I sigh. " But I think it was an accident. Alice's powers have grown since she left us and I think she sensed me and accidentally linked us."

"So how do we stop it from happening again?" K-mart asks

"I think we should find her." I answer.

"What? Why?" Jill asks me. "She left us for a reason Angie and because she left we lost Carlos too." Here she sounds a bit bitter "Besides even if we do find her we don't know if she'll stick around this time?"

"I know" I sigh again. "But it's the only thing I can think of Jill."

"Right well we can talk about this in the morning but for now you need to rest" Claire says, nodding to me.

As everyone leaves me for the night I lay there wondering. _"Maybe Jill is right. Alice left us before. If her powers truly have grown then maybe she won't even chance coming back with us. I have to know though. I have to see her"_ With that last thought I drift off to sleep, dreaming about the days when our family was whole.

End
file.